

FLIGHTS AND FANCIES

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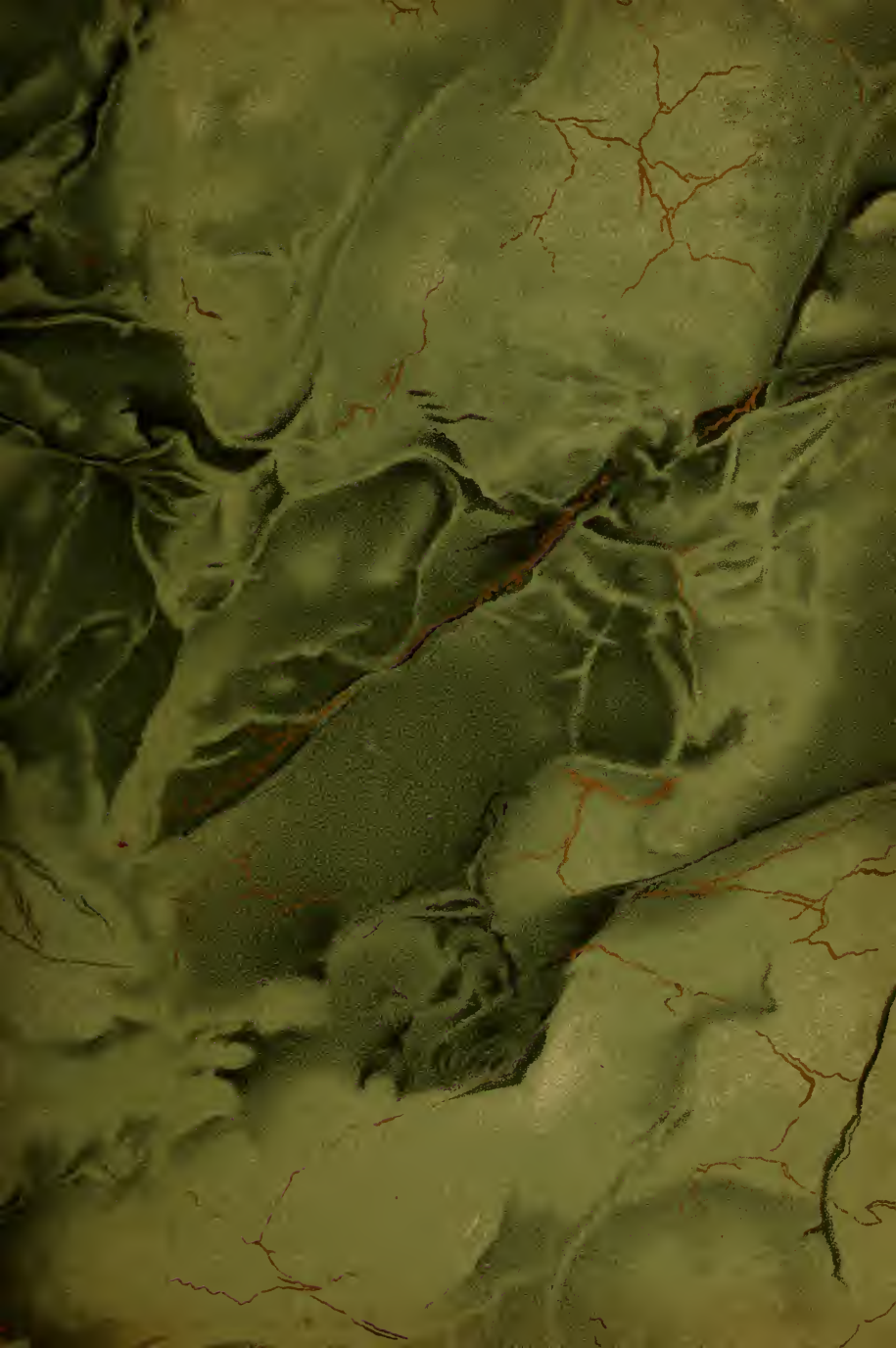


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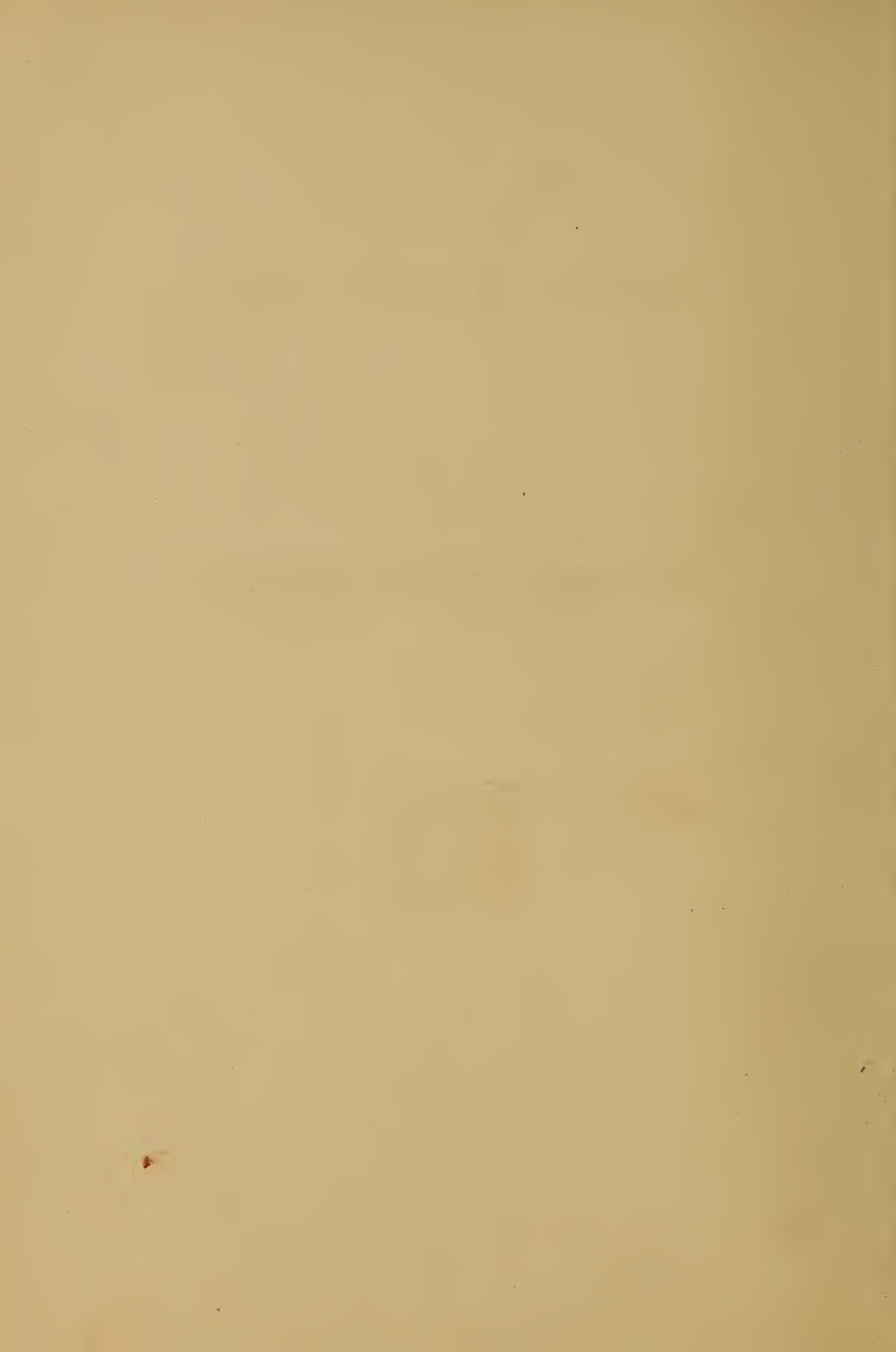
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FLIGHTS AND FANCIES



FLIGHTS AND FANCIES

BY
ELIZABETH LOCKHART WICKLIFFE

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KENTUCKY

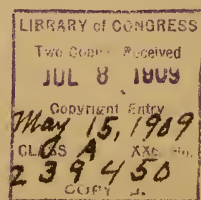
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BY

ELIZABETH LOCKHART WICKLIFFE.



DEDICATION

TO KENTUCKY

I dedicate this volume in honor of the Blue Grass State of the Union, and in loving remembrance of the birth-place of Abraham Lincoln. Not that my eyes first beheld light upon Kentucky's soil, but just across the beautiful Ohio, where the sun "Comes peeping up at morn," beyond the hills of old Indiana's shore.

I greet thee with "Flights and Fancies," as a "Hoosier," dipped and dyed.

ELIZABETH LOCKHART WICKLIFFE.

I tender a welcome to every one
Who reads these pages, for duty, or fun;
Victory's the motto encircling the way
That crowns God's children who are faithful
today;
Shuts out the sorrow, dark days may arise,
And opens our vision to Love in the skies.
My heart beats with emotion to those, I vow,
Who turn these leaves, in after years, or now.

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FLIGHTS AND FANCIES

KENTUCKY

Kentucky, dear old Kentucky,
Where the "Meadow grass is blue,"
Where the sunlight falls softest
At morn, on the early dew.

Kentucky, dear old Kentucky,
Where the "Meadow grass is blue,"
Where tint of heaven reflects
At sunset, in rainbow's hue.

Kentucky, dear old Kentucky,
Where the "Meadow grass is blue,"
Where waters sparkle brightest,
And the bead of amber hue.

Kentucky, dear old Kentucky,
Where the "Meadow Grass is blue,"
Where prettiest girls are seen,
And the fastest horses, too.

Kentucky, dear old Kentucky,
Where the "Meadow Grass is blue,"
Where Governors die martyrs,
And politicians are true.

Kentucky, dear old Kentucky,
Where the "Meadow Grass is blue,"
Where blood flows through veins of men,
Most noble, loyal and true!



I REMEMBER

I remember the downy pillow
That rested beneath my head,
When Mother gently tucked the cover
Around me, at night, in bed.

In fancy I hear the old clock now,
That ticked those sweet hours away,
When all the world was fair and bright,
And I was young, light and gay.

I can hear the papers rattle,
And the old door's creaky slam,
Can hear my father calling,
"Oh Liz, where is your Mam?"

My mother's old side-saddle,
That I've fallen from to earth,
Was quilted in fancy stitches,
Yes quilted, e'en the girth.

And the family horse I rode,
His name we called "Old Jim,"
Was a sort of chestnut sorrel,
And we thought a lot of him.

I can taste the good old candy
Striped all o'er in white and red,
Often lain beneath my pillow,
When I had gone to bed.

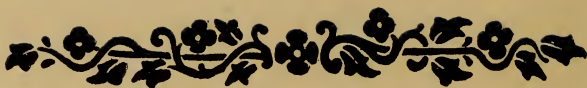
The little churn Father made me,
From an old quinine jar,
With its lid cut so roundly,
And its dasher cut so square.

I can hear the milk pails rattle,
Mother calling me from bed;
Can see the little kitten
That was waiting to be fed.

The clear, cool, cistern water,
Which I often, often drew,
Sparkles brighter to me now
Than the ocean's ocean blue.

In sadness I dream those old days o'er,
Though, like years, have flown away;
God will reward His faithful children,
At the final Judgment Day.





THE SEASONS

The violets put forth their stem
To reach the springtime lay;
The daffodils reach higher still
And blossom day by day.
The raindrops fall, the roses bloom,
The dogwoods open white,
And Heavenly stars seem to shine
In Springtime brighter by night.

Summer holds her power of growth
Beneath the noon-day's sun,
And holds the shortest nights for us
To sleep when work is done;
Lends her bright sun-rays beaming down
To warm up this old earth,
And lends to every plant and tree
New growth, new life, new birth.

Fall brings fast her changing colors,
And yet we can't see how,
Sends her winds and frost a-buzzing,
Through every leafy bough;
Makes the old corn husks rattle loud,
And mellows all the grain,
It makes the summer birds fly home,
To native heath again.

Winter holds a strange, strange sadness,
That seems akin to death,
And yet, holds a calm, calm beauty,
In cold, cold icy breath;
It robs the forest of verdure,
And strips the fields of green,
Except old Kentucky's blue grass,
Prettiest to be seen.



WHAT IS LOVE ?

What is love, I'd like to know?
Strange sensation and inward glow;
All things old become as new
When love's story is sung true.

What is death, it hath been said,
By the living and the dead;
Hearts beat warm with love today,
That tomorrow passes 'way.

Love and death, like wind that blows,
Where it listeth, no one knows;
Place your trust in God above,
Who is wise, and who is Love.

Live today, tomorrow not
Earthly love is soon forgot;
Heavenly love, pure, I know,
Shineth like the bright rainbow.





THE OLD AND THE NEW SOUTHLAND

How dear is the old Southland,
 The home of Jackson and Lee!
Who fought the North for secession,
 Lincoln said could not be.
God bless the dear old Southland,
 And memories of thee,
Who gave up life in battle
 To set her old states free!
The Old and the New Southland,
 Our Confederates in gray,
Still live in the hearts of the people
 Of this old Nation today

Home of the fearless and brave,
Southland the world doth admit!
Deep in our hearts' recollections
We can never forget.
The war with North the Southland
Will mark her pages new,
And history will reveal
Facts more brilliant and true.
The Old, the New Reunion,
Our Confederates in gray
Will live in the hearts of the children
That are unborn today!

When Lee surrendered to Grant
His little army of men,
When Davis was taken to prison,
Oh, think of those times, then!
When the South was all broken up
By cruel war o'er slaves
The blood flowed o'er the Southland,
And o'er her new-made graves!
The Old, the New Reunion,
Our Confederates in gray,
Are towering nearer to Heaven,
God give them a crown, I pray!



IN MEMORY OF ED VIVIAN WARDEN

Death, oh death, how sad the hour
That clothes thy calm array;
Life, like a blooming flower,
Withered and met decay.

'Twas on a spring-day morning,
When life was bright and gay,
God called Ed Vivian Warden
From this old earth away.

His form was borne by loving hands,
Beneath death's cold embrace,
To a saddened home and lands
And many a heart and face.

May God comfort the Mother
Who's left to mourn thy fate,
And bless the loving brother,
Whilst thou in Heaven wait.

Thy memory is ever dear,
Thy grave is ever green,
Thy image is ever near,
Thy form on earth's unseen!





DEAREST GIRL!

Before I saw thee, dearest girl,
My heart was light and free as air,
I never dreamed that love would hurl
His dart, and make such havoc there.

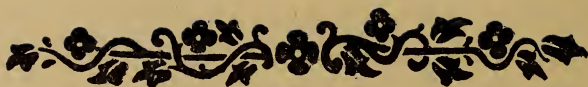
But so it is; thy heavenly eyes,
Which shine so bright (as though their fire
Had been extracted from the skies),
Have won my heart, awaked my lyre.

I've gazed on many a beauty's face
Whom others praised and thought divine,
But ne'er could real beauty trace
Until I found it, love, in thine.

And now, that I, at last, have found
The being whom I could adore,
A voice seems in my ear to sound,
“Thou ne’er shalt behold her more.”

And ah, too true, I fear will prove
This sad foreboding of my brain,
The only one my heart could move
Shall ne’er delight my eyes again.

Tomorrow I departest hence,
And wilt thou think of me as one
Whose love was pure, and as intense
As e’er was nursed by beauty’s sun.



ON THE BLUE OHIO'S SHORE

I sat beneath the twilight
In childhood, where I played,
And wandered o'er the dreaming
Of earthly footsteps made;
Stood beside the portico,
And climbed the open stair
That leads to a vacant room
Where images were fair.
On the blue Ohio's shore,
The Willett homestead stands,
Yes sacred to me through life,
Alas, in other hands;
Where the waters gently curve
'Round Little Horseshoe Bend;
In Meade County, Kentucky,
Sweet recollections pend.

The sunlight blinks the waters,
And Nature is at play,
The ceaseless tide is ebbing
Onward, from day to day.
I strolled beside the waters,
Where pretty flowers bloom,
The air, to me, was laden
With a sweet, mild perfume.
A sweet voice in the distance
Said, "The shrubbery you see
Was planted by your mother
In eighteen fifty-three."





WHEN THE DOGWOODS ARE IN BLOOM

When the dogwoods are in bloom
And the green is clothed in white,
We list to the song of love
In the evening's twilight.

When the dogwoods are in bloom
And all Nature's bright and gay,
There is music in the air
In warbling of the jay.

When the dogwoods are in bloom
In the "Tassel-time of Spring,"
We hear the plaintive calling
The "Bob White" seems to sing.

When the dogwoods fade their bloom,
Mother earth will claim the dust,
Wherein last day we shall lie
When our Saviour claimeth us.





A DREAM

I saw thee in sad dreams, my love,
Stood beside thy casket, dear;
Thy form was placed beneath its lid
And mine eyes were drenched in tear.

Silken draperies around thee hung,
That were fringed in tinge of gold;
The clay that fell upon thy grave
Like thy form, was icy cold.

Angels hovering 'round thee, near,
All were clothed in white array,
Bade me pleasure e'en unto death,
And mine tears were dried away.

They spake the words, "Awaken, now,
Leave to us this form of clay,
Earth's no longer a resting place
For the soul that's passed away."

And taking their flight Heavenward,
Ascended on wings of love,
I then awoke to find thee well,
My own, my darling, my love!





'WAY DOWN ON HUMPHREY'S CREEK

Where the cypress bends its knee,
And the sun is hid from view,
The wildwood drips at morn
All wet with early dew.
The waters and the fish
Are playing hide-and-seek,
Where stands an old saw mill
'Way down on Humphrey's Creek.

The old logs are all worn sleek,
Close beside the water's edge,
The briars and the cane
Together form a hedge.

Fish pole, hook, line and bait,
The light cork's bubbling trend,
In Fall, Spring and Summer,
'Way down by Humphrey's Creek Bend.

The wild rose and the lilies
Are clustered not far away,
Mocking birds are singing
The laborer's cheer at day.
An old saw mill buzzing
'Way down on Humphrey's Creek,
Thus life hath its pleasures,
For the lowly and the meek.



THE MOSS-COVERED PLAY HOUSE

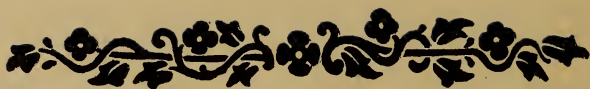
The moss-covered play house, I've longed to
build o'er,
And to dream the bright dreams of childhood,
once more;
Sorrow hath latticed many pleasures from view,
But the moss-covered play house is fresh and
new.

The moss-covered play house built by childish
hands,
Its smoke-stack and chimney in memory stands;
Old grape vines entwining the leaves' tinted hue,
In fancy the moss-covered play house is new.

The moss-covered play house in the far off
lands,
Where, early in childhood, gave out my com-
mands,
Played grown-folks and preaching, and funerals, too,
The moss-covered play house in fancy is new.

The moss-covered play house, near the hillside
stood,
A favorite resort for "Last Dog on Wood."
And the dear old schoolmates in red, white and
blue,
The moss-covered play house in fancy is new.

The moss-covered play house, with its pebbled
floor,
Gathered by the bright streamlet's wild rush
and roar,
When the world, to me, was innocent and true,
The moss-covered play house in fancy is new.



AN OLD LETTER

I behold an old letter
That was scanned with eager eye,
Long before I was born
Under heaven's sky.
Unfold the worn pages,
That were faded from age,
To view the dim writing
Upon its soiled page.

This letter was my mother's,
And she treasured it for years;
Whilst now I am reading
Mine eyes fill with tears.
Dated in November,
The month that she was born,
'Tis from an old sweetheart,
Lovesick and forlorn.

It is my father's writing,
Plainly, plainly now I see,
The name he signed to Mamma,
In after year, to me.
Yes, I'll keep the letter,
Until this life doth part,
Treasured by my Mamma,
Signed "Your old sweetheart."



MARY AND ALICE



MARY AND ALICE

Many a brain is kept in a whirl
By the suitor of a girl;
Many a girl is kept in doubt,
Wondering what it's all about.

Children together all these years,
Sharing, each, life's childish tears,
Before they reach sweet sixteen
Cupid, oft, doth intervene.

Strangely oft doth love appear,
Later in life, to interfere,
Years grow on, and love grows strong,
Yet, it seems a passing song.

Dreaming what the old maid means
Marries early in her teens;
Her first love was left to mourn
Cruel fate that love had borne.

Joy, peace and love crowned her life,
Till no longer she was wife,
When God called her husband home
She was left on earth alone.

Life was dark and days were sad,
To the heart that once was glad;
Without an heir to share loss,
Fortune seemed to be a cross.

Years hath passed, and time hath fled,
Since the burial of her dead;
Happiness, forsaken friends,
The "Enchantment distance lends."

Wand'ring far from home in life,
Bravely battling earthly strife,
To a town in northern State,
Where she meets again her fate.

A letter came, bearing news
Her first love had been abused,
Wife had sued him for divorce,
First love caused sad intercourse.

Just for love and children, dear,
Oft's been drank life's bitter tear;
Just for love and long ago,
Time hath often dealt a blow.

'Though husband to her was good,
She never quite understood
Why fortune never smiled then,
On him, as on other men.

Ambitious for childrens' sake,
Tantrums, tantrums, oft she'd take,
Poor, hard-working workingman,
Does the best in life he can.

"Once my wife, pray thee stay here,
For our children, who art dear;
To comfort thee, do my best,
God, alone, can give me rest."

Thus they lived in quiet way,
As he toiled from day to day;
Supplied needs, as she had been
Wife to him, regardless sin.

Sent a missive one bright day,
To his old love, far away;
He'd been dreaming o'er the past,
And life's pleasures, first and last.

Why she gave her heart and hand
To another in the land;
Why her love long, long was sealed,
Sad mystery was revealed.

Why her parents deemed it wrong
She had kept the secret long;
Yet, faithful to all her kin,
A pure, noble wife had been.

Riches had she by the score,
Yet, happiness dwelt no more;
Since her loving husband died,
For money she had lost all pride.

“Since thou are alone in life,
Come and be my darling wife;
My love for thee all these years
Hath caused both misery and tears.

“ ’Though I loved my noble wife,
Some strange longing all in life,
Ambitious for children’s sake,
Now, I know it was of thee.

“May Heaven grant that no sin
Rests on me now, nor has been;
For poor Mary’s rash, rash act,
Poor, poor woman lost in tact.

“Dream sweet dreams of thee by night,
Yet, awake in sudden fright;
What is love, that makes me wild,
Makes me feel again a child?”

Frantic, frantic, in love’s plight,
Mounts the train and’s out of sight;
Reaching city Winnipeg,
Falls and breaks an arm and leg.

His first love learns his sad fate
Through the papers of her State;
Lay unconscious days and days,
Where the northern sunlight plays.

“Mary, Mary, art thou near?”
Oft exclaimed, in sudden fear;
“No, my love, your Mary’s dead,
’Tis your own Alice, instead.”

“Alice, Alice, is it true,
Am I dreaming, love, of you?
Who told thee Mary was dead?
My, talking out of my head!”

“Thou told me, when first I came,
Oft callest thou her by name;
Hush, my dear, and go to sleep,
Pray thee, pray thee, do not weep.”

“Alice, dear, pray let me talk,
I feel strong enough to walk,
Since I know Mary’s alive,
Father, pray, let me survive!

“Give me, dear, the pen and ink,
Ere in death I might, might sink;
Let me ask her pardon now,
Let it be my earnest vow.”

Poor, poor Mary’s heart was sad,
As no word from him she’d had,
She wrote quickly to forgive,
Praying, praying he might live!

When he read Mary’s letter,
Alice knew he was better;
Kissing it, he fell asleep.
“Well,” she thought, “some secret deep.”

Morning broke, the Doctor came,
He’d been resting ’bout the same;
Had no fever, pulse were low,
Doctor thought him mending slow.

“I feel better, Alice, dear,
Thy sweet presence gives me cheer;
Pray come now and sit by me,
In your eyes that I may see.

“See the old love written there
In thy sweet face, once so fair;
With those tender eyes of blue,
Telling me thy love is true.

“Dreaming, dreaming whilst I slept,
Heard life’s secret thou hast kept,
Heard thee pledge thy love, once more,
As thou didst in days of yore.

“Let your heart again be mine,
And my love’s forever thine;
Let my heart again be thine,
And your love’s forever mine.”

Quietly to lonely bed,
Parson came, and they were wed;
Alas, able to go home,
Kissed his bride and went alone!

Carried picture of his wife,
Dearer to him than his life;
When ’twas hung beside his own,
Poor, poor Mary, she did moan.

“I see, George, that you have swung
Picture where your first wife’s hung;
If it’s allowed to stay here,
It may bring trouble, I fear.”

“Mary, Mary, that’s my wife,
Who is dearer than my life,
She will soon be here to stay,
Leave her picture there, I say.”

“Yes, I’ll give her up the house,
You may live like cat and mouse;
When you took another frau,
Then you broke our marriage vow.”

“God will never punish me,
You are jealous, now, I see;
Alice is so kind of heart,
You will love her from the start.

“I told her all thou hadst been,
Wife and mother, and of kin;
Thou hadst lived for children’s sake,
And the garments thou didst make.”

Alice comes, and George is happy,
All the children cling to Papa;
Poor, poor Mary, she stays, too,
And does like the children do.

Alice bought a handsome home,
And they live as rich as loam,
In a quiet little town,
Where "Golden age turns to brown."

Alice gave each child a million,
And to George she gave one billion;
Mary shared as child, alike,
And the picture's hanging tight.



LIFE

Life awakens to its dreaming,
Like the morning to the day,
And may gently, and as quickly,
As the morning, pass away.

Life is like unto a shadow
Falling on the briny sea,
It may reflect sunshine today,
Tomorrow, in darkness be.

Life is like a bride's fair veiling,
Falling downward to the feet,
May bedeck a form of virtue,
Or a soul that's indiscreet.



THE PAPER OF TODAY

Talk about your papers
And this is what they say:
The old "Courier-Journal"
Is the paper of today!

Deals plainly with the facts
And that, I like to see;
The old "Courier-Journal"
Is good enough for me!

Give me the "Courier-Journal,"
The paper of our State,
In memory of Haldeman,
A man noble and great!

Give me the "Courier-Journal,"
With Watterson to write,
And I defy the nation
To show me one as bright!

Her politics are sound,
She advocates the truth;
Give me the "Courier-Journal,"
I've loved her from my youth!





WHERE THE ORCHARD USED TO BLOSSOM

Where the orchard used to blossom
I've strolled at early morn,
And heard the gentle calling
Of the bugle and the horn.

The blue grass and the wild flowers
Blended beneath my feet,
The mocking birds from the boughs
Sang in notes so clear and sweet.

When first I held my sweetheart's hand
And kissed her rosy cheek,
Tremblingly plighted love's dream
In accents soft and meek.

I builded my castles again,
With only hope in view,
Outside of God and Heaven,
To live and die, for you.

I saw thy form in clouds arise,
Beheld thy beauteous face;
No artist of earth could paint
Vision of diviner grace.

Alas, have dreams of thee, sweetheart,
Like ocean's drifting tide;
Earth and the stars of heaven
Are parted far and wide.



TO ONE I LOVE

Brown-eyed beauty of childhood youth,
Well hast thou learned bright lessons of truth,
I've loved thee fondly from whence thou
 played
Beneath the beech tree's leafy shade.

Thy soft brown hair in ringlets hung
About thy neck, whence oft thou swung
On the yard gate; I see thee now
In memory, laughing me bow.

'Twas then thou flattered me in look
And oft-times now in word or book;
Likened to thy innocent youth
Whispereth what thou thinkest, Truth.

May thy heart ne'er grow sad in years,
And thy cup ne'er be draught with tears;
When thou art grown, may I love still
Mine Sophia T.; grant me thine will!

Honor and virtue crowns thy name
Like whence to this old world thou came;
May angels guard thee evermore,
And safely lead from shore to shore!





THE OLD CHARM STRING

Counting the buttons on the old Charm String,
Each a history to the mind doth bring;
From this one's new coat, or that one's old vest,
Have never determined which I loved best!

The tangled brown thread that runs through
the eye

Recalls to memory the days gone by;
Each button is marked by ancient design,
Sacred to me, the old Charm String of mine!

Its thread may soon break, from time and from
care,
Severing the affection treasured there;

Mine eyes may soon close and return to dust,
Ere buttons from the old Charm String doth
rust!

Beneath the glow of Autumn these lines close;
Lay 'way the old Charm String, which hath no
woes;

Battle through life beneath the azure sun
Until at last home in Heaven is won!





THE BROKEN VOW

Take back the little book-mark
Which thou bestowedest on me;
I deem it now a worthless thing
And give it back to thee.
I've loved thee deeply, madly loved—
Ah, it hath been my fate—
Thou knowest how deep hath been my love,
And now thou knowest my hate!

Take back, take back thy miniature,
For when you sent it me
One sunny Autumn evening
The birds they sung with glee.

I did not dream thy form contained
A heart so black, so base,
Wherein no holy thought and pure
E'er found a resting place.

I give thee back the picture, too,
I'd scorn to keep it now;
I think it but a worthless gift,
Like to thy broken vow.
Thinkest thou my heart is like a toy
That's bought with petry gold,
And trifled with but for an hour
And then as lightly sold?

And, lastly, take the little rose,
'Tis withered, as you see,
And faded; 'tis an emblem meet
Of thine inconstancy.
Thou sent it me one cold, bright morn,
All wet with early dew;
Its beauty now hath passed away,
Thus hath my love for you.

Go, whisper in another's ear
Thy honeyed vows of love,
Which from thy perjured lips are heard
And registered above.

I will not curse thee—no, away,
And take thy gifts with thee;
My manly soul can never bow,
My heart is proud and free!

We part; 'tis well. May Heaven grant
Thou ne'er mayest cross my path;
I would not have my spirit moved
To deeper, deeper wrath.
Drink deep, drink deep of pleasure's cup,
Be ever gay as now;
Yet, conscience, still, will 'mind thee oft
Of this—thy broken vow.



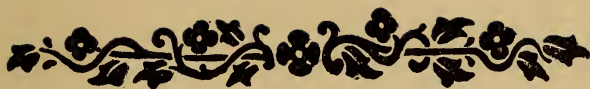
SUNDOWN ON THE FARM

It was sundown on the farm,
When the parting gave me harm,
The orchard and the graveyard I was near;
It is there my mother's lain
And the tears I can't refrain,
When wandering 'round at sundown on the
farm.

It was sundown on the farm,
When all nature seemed to charm
The scenes where my childhood life was spent;
It is then I long and sigh
For the days that have gone by
When wandering 'round at sundown on the
farm.

On the grass I gently kneel,
Silent tears will often steal
O'er the graves of those I love so dear;
It is then I long and sigh
For the days that have gone by,
When wandering 'round at sundown on the
farm.

There may be no tears to shed
O'er their graves when I am dead,
Just at sundown on the farm;
And the living may forget
I'm to sleep beside them yet
Until there'll be no sundown on the farm.



GOOD-BYE, MOTHER!

Please don't grieve, dear Mother,
Tonight I'm going to wed;
You said 'twould seem to you, dear,
That your boy was dead.

I love you, Mother, darling,
And our parting gives me pain;
But I'll come back, dear Mother—
Be your boy again.

Good-bye, Mother, darling,
The evening hours now are late,
And Mary will be waiting
For me at the gate!

Good-bye, Brother, Sister,
May this ne'er be your fate,
To say farewell to Mother
At the old yard gate!

God bless home and Mother
As I wander far away;
I will return, dear Mother,
Ere your hair turns gray!





DEDICATED TO GRAVES COUNTY,
KENTUCKY

When a child I lived among you,
 Played beneath your leafy bower ;
As a woman stand before you,
 Dreaming of that happy hour.

Further on my parents wandered,
 To Ballard County's wild retreat,
Near the banks where the Ohio
 And the Mississippi meet.

But, alas ! they now are sleeping
 Beneath old Ballard's sacred sod,
To await the resurrection
 And the judgment of their God.

Bidding adieu to dear old Graves,
In memory of past fond years,
Bringeth to mine heart a sadness
And mine eyes the falling tears.

God leadeth to home in Heaven
By walking in the narrow way.
Sweet will be the resurrection
To His children judgment day.





BEAUTIFUL SNOW !

Beautiful snow from heavenward sky,
Covereth the wheat field, covereth the rye;
Whiten the house top, whiten the rill,
Moisten the valley, moisten the hill;
White, like the soul returneth to God,
Melting and sinking beneath the sod;
Surging against rocks, swelling the tide
Of mountains and rivers far and wide;
Flowing onward, and onward flow,
Winter's, Old Winter's pure white snow !

Merrily they with the canines go
Faster and faster over the snow ;

In secluded spot to find the trail
Of rabbit, fox, or bevy of quail.
Childhood's laughter and childhood's sweet
 play
Recalls to mind life's happiest day.
The old fur cap and gloves for their hands
Are worn, perhaps, in the far off lands.
Onward, onward and onward flow,
Winter's, Old Winter's pure white snow!

Sweethearts love the sleighbell's soft jingle,
Horses keep step to music of its tingle;
Oh, for an artist to paint from view
The falling snow or the morning dew!
Sunlight sparkles on the pure white snow,
As o'er the hills and valleys they go;
The sweetest season in all the year,
When the wedding bells are ringing clear!
Onward, onward, and onward flow,
Winter's, Old Winter's pure white snow!



BAREFOOT DAYS

Barefoot days, barefoot days,
Prints of little toes,
Up and down the cornfield,
Up and down the rows.
Here and there a dust pile,
Prints of little feet,
Now and then a king hill,
Very indiscreet.

Barefoot days, barefoot days,
Prints of little toes
A following Papa
Everywhere he goes.

Playing in the furrow,
Prints of little hands;
Even the old plow horse
Seems he understands.

Barefoot days, barefoot days,
Prints of little toes
Stamp throughout the nation
'Mid pleasures and woes.
Many feet adorn the shoe
And many a shoe the feet;
Life without barefoot days
Would be incomplete.



GOD CHANGED HIM, AFTER ALL

The fire's burning brightly
And the children gone to bed;
Wonder if the doors are locked
And the transoms o'erhead?

Steal beside the window,
In view of the starry light,
And listen to the footsteps
That die upon the night.

Read the Holy Bible
Some precious old chapters through,
That bringeth consolation
And happiness to you.

Kneeling beside your cot,
Offering prayer to God,
To keep you and your loved ones
From wicked life to trod.

Praise Him for His goodness,
The kind mercy He hath lent;
Ask for a happier life
Than this one to be spent.

The weary hours are now late,
When your husband comes in home;
You ask him very kindly
No more in sin to roam.

And he answers very plainly,
"It's none of your business, wife,
If I choose to roam in sin
The remainder of my life."

Whilst upon bended knee
God answered pleading call,
Thus was lived a happier life;
God changed him, after all.



SHAKESPEARE

I never lik'd Shakespeare
And I will tell you why:
He takes you to heaven
And drops you from the sky.

He wrote about all things
In a peculiar way,
And might have been more careful
In what he had to say.

Perhaps I'm saying something
The world will condemn,
But I don't like Shakespeare,
And you should say "Amen"!

His Fallstaff was funny,
I'm bound to admit;
But then he just used him
To display his funny wit.

Venus and Adonis,
He might have left them out,
And found something better
To have written about.

Romeo and Juliet
Too long hath made me sick;
He pictured them unnatural
So close in life to stick.

I don't think he married—
Perhaps the reason why,
Someone took *his* Juliet,
And he was ready to die.



SOLOMON

Solomon reigned forty years
When God called him home;
His works were immortalized
While upon the throne.

Solomon was wise and good,
As not many be;
God loved him, and he obeyed
His own Majesty.



GEORGE WASHINGTON

George Washington, first President,
Never told a story;
It's no strange coincident
He won fame and glory.

When he cut the cherry tree
Truth was mighty comfort,
Praise was sung throughout the land;
George came out triumphant.

Old chips flew 'round the cherry tree
When George plied the hatchet;
And he was sorry as could be
When he could not patch it.

His father praised him for the truth,
This lovely little child;
Faithful in childhood and in youth,
Always gentle and mild.

This story teaches how to live
The way that we should die;
Be thou ready to forgive
And never tell a lie.

The father loveth a truthful child,
And thou shouldst careful be
To tell the truth, if harsh or mild,
And it will profit thee.



LOVE FOR JESUS

If all the world was mine to give
I'd give it all to see
The power of Jesus' love
Shed abroad to thee!

What is earth compared to Heaven,
To the rich or the poor?
God hath promised, if we'll knock,
He will open the door.

God's love is greater than ours;
Hence He gave His only Son
That on Him, if we believe,
Home in Heaven is won.

Could'st thou but live on this old earth
 'Till it's consumed by fire,
'Twould be a moment's happiness
 Compared to Heaven an hour.

Dark clouds may o'ershadow the sky
 Beyond is silver lining,
And they may hide from our view
 Heaven's stars shining.





WHEN THE CHICKENS FLY TO ROOST

When the sun is sinking low
And the chickens fly to roost,
I hear the familiar sound
Of an old quacking goose.

The turkey doth wend its way
To habitude and place;
The guinea sings "pot-a-rack"
With harmonious grace.

The ducks homeward to their trough
Make the water bubbles round,
Tuck their heads under their wings
Sleep at night on the ground.

The cowbell's distant jingle,
Far across the fields of snow;
The little calves with hunger,
Bleating to mamas go.

Donning an old gray jacket,
With milk pail I go in hand,
'Way down to the old stock barn
For corn, oats, hay and bran.

I hear the horses neighing,
O, so loudly and so bold,
To say, "Why don't you feed me,
Those cows are tough and old?"



IF I HAD A SWEETHEART

If I had a sweetheart, I'll tell you what I'd do,
I'd ask her to marry, and marry quickly, too;
I'd tell her I loved her with all, with all my
heart—

That if she would marry me, death alone could
part;

Tell her about the farm that wasn't far away,
Where, when we got married, some day we'd go
to stay;

Show her the little farmhouse, built upon the
hill,

She could see me all the way when I went to
mill;

Tell her about the chickens, the ducks and the
geese;

When she saved a feather, it must be white as
fleece.

I'd show her the shrubbery, where pretty flowers
grow—

That if she loved roses, might learn to use the
hoe;

Take her to the smokehouse, and show her all
the meat

That, when we were married, we'd be compelled
to eat;

I'd show her all the fences, stake and ridered
high,

She might see no lover should one, perchance,
pass by;

Tell her 'bout the children some day might
come to us,

If they cried at midnight she might get up and
nurse.

I'd say: "My Darling, to keep you in bread
and meat

You'll have something to do besides to dress
and eat."

Then, if she married me, I'd know it was for
love,

And I could sleep soundly and trust in God
above.

Lovers, all, take warning from this courtship
of mine—

Susan and I are married, and getting on fine.



SWEETEST GIRL IN THE LAND



SWEETEST GIRL IN THE LAND

When the sky was all aglow
In mystic azure blue,
And the sunlight was streaming
In mellow, golden hue;
In a garden of flowers,
Where the red roses stand,
When first I saw dear Mary,
Sweetest girl in the land!

'Twas near an open window
In tune to "Ivy Grand,"
I first heard her voice ringing,
The sweetest in the land!

'Twas in the evening's twilight,
When the breeze gently fanned
The voice to me of Mary,
Sweetest girl in the land!

At morning and at evening
I'd see her pass the way;
Oft have I chanced to meet her
And this is what she'd say:
"Oh, I am just a school girl
And never had a beau;
As to having a sweetheart,
My answer, now, is 'No.' "

And I tried all kinds of plans
That man ever devised;
I sent boxes of flowers—
My love was advertised;
I wrote her pretty letters
In poetry so fine,
But when I'd mention marry
She'd always skip that line.

And at length made up my mind
To love another girl,
And wasn't long in thinking
'Til brain was in a whirl.
One summer's day I told her
That life was sad and dark;
Without someone to love me
In death I'd soon embark.

She said, "Pray, let me tell thee
That simply to be wed
Might bring to thee more sorrow
Than death would, to be dead;
I won't, I cannot, love thee,
And I will tell thee more:
Why thou hath loved another
Too long, too long, before."

"Thou hast written to Mary
And made sacred thy vow;
And now thou cometh to me
With same story, somehow.

O, I have read thy letters
Whence thou declared thy love,
Sacred by God of Heaven
And by the stars above."

"Let me tell thee, darling girl,
I've loved thee long and true;
And hope, outside of Mary,
Hath been my love for you.
If man places on this earth
Love and affection true,
And his love is not returned,
Should his be exiled, too?"

"Mary is just a schoolgirl,
And yet, I loved her true;
But she never cared for me
As I now care for you.
Knowing this, of course I stopped
My attentions to her;
It wasn't more than a month
'Till thee I didst prefer."

Dear, if thou thinkest because
I have loved another
Thou canst never be my wife,
Let me be a brother.
Would not have thee marry me
If thou love another;
I'll decide to live in life
Just to be a brother."

"Love's a strange and cruel thing—
Ah, it hath been to me;
Love someone who doesn't care
Snap of finger for thee!
If all the world was diamond
And I upon it stood,
I would place thee up higher
And give thee all I could!"

"Now I assure thee I will
Always think of thee kind;
Should'st thou ever find the rock,
Remember I am thine.

I did'st not know diamonds grew
As thou describe they did;
And if you were on 'the rock,'
In it let me be hid."

"As years grew on I tarried
Around this lovely girl;
She was just as sweet to me
As anyone in world.
And oft I sing of Mary
And am made to rejoice
To know that she is happy
And I have got my choice."



THE SWEETEST HOPE

The darkest day may bring a night
With heaven's stars gleaming;
The darkest night may bring a day
With the sunlight streaming.

The purest gem, the brightest ray,
When life is first begun;
The sweetest hope of earthly joy
When home in Heaven's won!

The deepest stream may softest glide
From ocean to ocean;
The smallest brook may spend its tide
With the loudest motion.

And life may be more perfect bliss
By some little token,
And earth may seem a dark abyss
By some promise broken.

The stars will fall, the earth will burn,
When time will be no more;
Oh, how sweet our Savior's promise
To meet on brighter shore!

While we wait, and while we linger,
Days are swiftly flying;
All that seems so bright around us
Hastens to the dying.

When thou hath passed from earthly life
Heaven or hell is home;
Thou can't retract one word or look
Whilst on this earth did roam.

Let Jesus bear thy burdens now,
He is willing to save;
And His love will safely lead thee
Beyond this earthly grave.

God hath promised and is waiting
To cleanse whiter than snow;
Thou canst dwell with Him in Heaven,
Where ill winds never blow.

Do not let pride and vanity
Cause thee lose sight of God;
Be thou careful of temptation
And wicked life to trod.

“Revelation” describes Heaven,
With its splendor and gold;
All its beauty and its pleasure
God’s children shall behold.



A KING'S ROMANCE

The Jersey lily faded beneath life's game of
 chance,
When Cupid failed to pierce the heart of a
 King's romance.
No wonder thou flatterest thyself, others do
 same;
England's a grand old country, and hath a
 world-wide fame.
Thy kind, good and gentle mother, graced her
 soil for years,
Her mem'ry sweetly lingers with millions who
 shed tears.
Whilst on the banks of life may thy days in
 peace be spent,
When the Father calleth, may love and mercy
 be lent!

This life is but a shadow between heaven and
hell,

How long to be suspended no one on earth can
tell.

A heart and hand is working in the city today
To clothe unfortunate, and feed the hungry,
they say.

It is Mary Anderson of whom Kentucky's
proud,

Whose virtue and honor before Thy Majesty
vowed.

Ah, well hath been honored her fair and untar-
nished name—

A type of true womanhood, whence old Ken-
tucky's fame.



HORACE GREELEY

When Horace Greeley was a child
He read at the age of two,
And when he was but seven
Had read many books through.

For seven miles around his home
Borrowed books from those he knew,
And as day by day he read
In knowledge thus he grew.

His father moved to Vermont state
When Horace wasn't but ten,
The first of his profession
In journalism was then.

He landed in New York city
In eighteen forty-one;
Ten dollars in his pocket
His clothes in a bundle done.

Yet at first he was unlucky
And uncertain of success,
But the old "New York Tribune"
Forever made redress.

Soon his name was celebrated
For honor and fame he won,
By the old "New York Tribune,"
Of eighteen forty-one.

Thus hath his life been cherished,
And memory sacredly kept
In the hearts of the nation,
Like dust wherein he's slept.

The inscription on his tombstone
And his long, long mouldered dust,
Brings the old "New York Tribune"
Closer and closer to us.

For the help he lent Jeff Davis
 With heart, with strength and hand,
Lives forever in the homes
 Of the old and new Southland.

Could he have been our President,
 Good will and peace would have reigned,
The feeling would have hastened
 We long ago should have gained.

But alas, in seventy and two,
 U. S. Grant defeated him;
All broken down by labor,
 Old age and sorrow killed him.



THE OLD HOMESTEAD

I can see the dear old homestead
 With its mortise and its clay;
Can hear the gentle voices
 That, like it, have passed away.

The old shade trees are towering
 That gave me shelter and ease;
But that was when I was young,
 And they bended to the breeze.

Ah, seemingly the earth hath grown,
 Perhaps from foliage dust;
The lilac's purple blossoms
 Are changed in fragrance to us.

The sweet-briar that grew by the window,
No trace of it can I find;
Oft I've gathered its roses,
In my mother's hair entwined.

The green wax myrtle that blossomed,
The trailing roses that grew
Around the old portico,
Alas! have faded from view.

Where the orchard used to blossom
And the bees gathered the dew,
'Twas there I plucked the flowers
In springtime, my love, for you.

I gaze once more in the old well;
It's bright waters bathed me first.
Long didst it afford me drink,
Now its memories quench a thirst.

No matter what joy may abound,
Either if single or wed,
Memories will ever haunt thee
In life of the old homestead.



HEAVENLY HOME

In the valley of death,
Where clouds arise,
Opening to view
The heavenly skies,
Let angels standing 'round the throne
Beckon to thee heavenly home.

CHORUS.

Heavenly home, heavenly home,
Angels beckon, heavenly home!
Heavenly home, heavenly home,
Angels beckon, heavenly home,

On the day of judgment
May angels stand
Ready to waft thee
To heavenly land;
Soul carried to Heaven above—
To Blessed Redeemer, who is Love!

Let the Glory of God
Around thee shine!
And open thy eyes
To Heaven divine.
Heaven divine! Heaven divine!
Open thy eyes to Heaven divine!



“WITH ORANGE BLOSSOMS IN HER HAIR ”

(The following poem was taken from a bride's vision before her marriage. She was thrown from a coupé and instantly killed while returning from the church to her home. The husband became insane and started in wild pursuit of his lost bride, whose given name was “Lillie.” Finding a snow white flower which overhung a tall precipice, imagining his lost bride had been transformed into flower, reaching out to clasp his lost bride, fell into the mighty waters and was drowned.)

With orange blossoms in her hair,
The sun ne'er shone on one more fair;
Bride only a moment ago,
Dwells in Heaven, from earthy woe;
Together, seated side by side—
Seeking Mother, and Home, she died.
Lifeless form on the cold ground lay
Fair, young bride on her wedding day.

CHORUS.

With orange blossoms in her hair,
A sunny day presaging fair,
A vision in the sky arose
Like soldiers robed in angels' clothes;
Marching to music of the sky,
Aphorism—she was to die.

With orange blossoms in her hair,
Lain to rest near the old church there,
Sacred vows enshrining thy heart,
Death, alone, could sever or part.
His hair turned white, his mind had fled,
He fancied not his Lillie dead;
King in envious pride had grasped
The lost prize he longed to have clasped.

Transformed to a snow white flower,
Reaching out with maddening power
To clasp the prize he long had sought,
In mighty waters death was wrought.
Sleeping beneath the silent tomb,
'Waiting the resurrection doom,
O'er two graves lying side by side
Fair lilies drop at eventide.



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Riley began with a little child,
Teaching lessons gentle and mild;
Sowing seed for the mind to grasp,
Holding a nation within his clasp.

The Hoosiers are proud of Riley,
And I don't blame them one, one bit,
I was a Hoosier once myself
And am sort of a Hoosier yet!

When "Marse Henry" was "gwing" off,
James Whitcomb Riley wrote in rhyme,
"Our Watterson, our Watterson,"
Seemed almost at every line.

But when Taylor left Kentucky
J. Riley never said a word,
And though he'd been our Governor,
His life he never, never stirred.

I am a poor, poor weak poet,
Compared to J. Riley in rhyme,
Let Taylor come to Kentucky
And I'll try him, myself, one time.





SOME CHURCHES !

Have you ever gone to Church
 When the attendants were few,
And sat up near the preacher
 On the right hand pew?
Have you heard members giggling,
 Though inquiring who you are,
If to say, "You might have come
 From some distance afar?"

Minister begins to talk
 In impressive, earnest way,
You'd not be able to hear
 Half he had to say.

You decide to stay at home
 Would be better for His cause,
Than there to try to obey
 Our loving Father's laws.

So it is in most Churches
 In this land of ours today;
Many there be who hear not
 Half the preachers say.
Which you think would be the worse,
 To stay at home all their days
Or go to Church on Sundays —
 And not to mend their ways?

I believe God will punish
 All the people of this kind,
Unless He decides they be
 Of an unsound mind.
Wear all colors of rainbow,
 Their hats even seem to match!
If their names are up Yonder,
 The Lord will surely scratch.

Contribution box is passed
 By request, among the crowd.

Your hear "twenty cents" whispered
In accents too loud.
The benches are all dusty
And the blinds are nearly down;
So it is in most Churches
Of the country and town.





GATHERING THE MISTLETOE

Gathering the mistletoe
From the leafless bower;
When the berries waxen white
Gather the mistletoe!

Gathering the mistletoe,
Gathering the mistletoe!
Lovers kiss, its nothing 'miss,
Gather the mistletoe!

Gathering the mistletoe,
The Christmas days are near;
Lovers fall out—nothing 'bout
Gather the mistletoe!

Gathering the mistletoe,
Days are swiftly flying,
Boys are sighing, girls crying—
Gather the mistletoe!

Gathering the mistletoe,
Bells are sweetly ringing
The Old Year out, New Year in—
Gather the mistletoe!





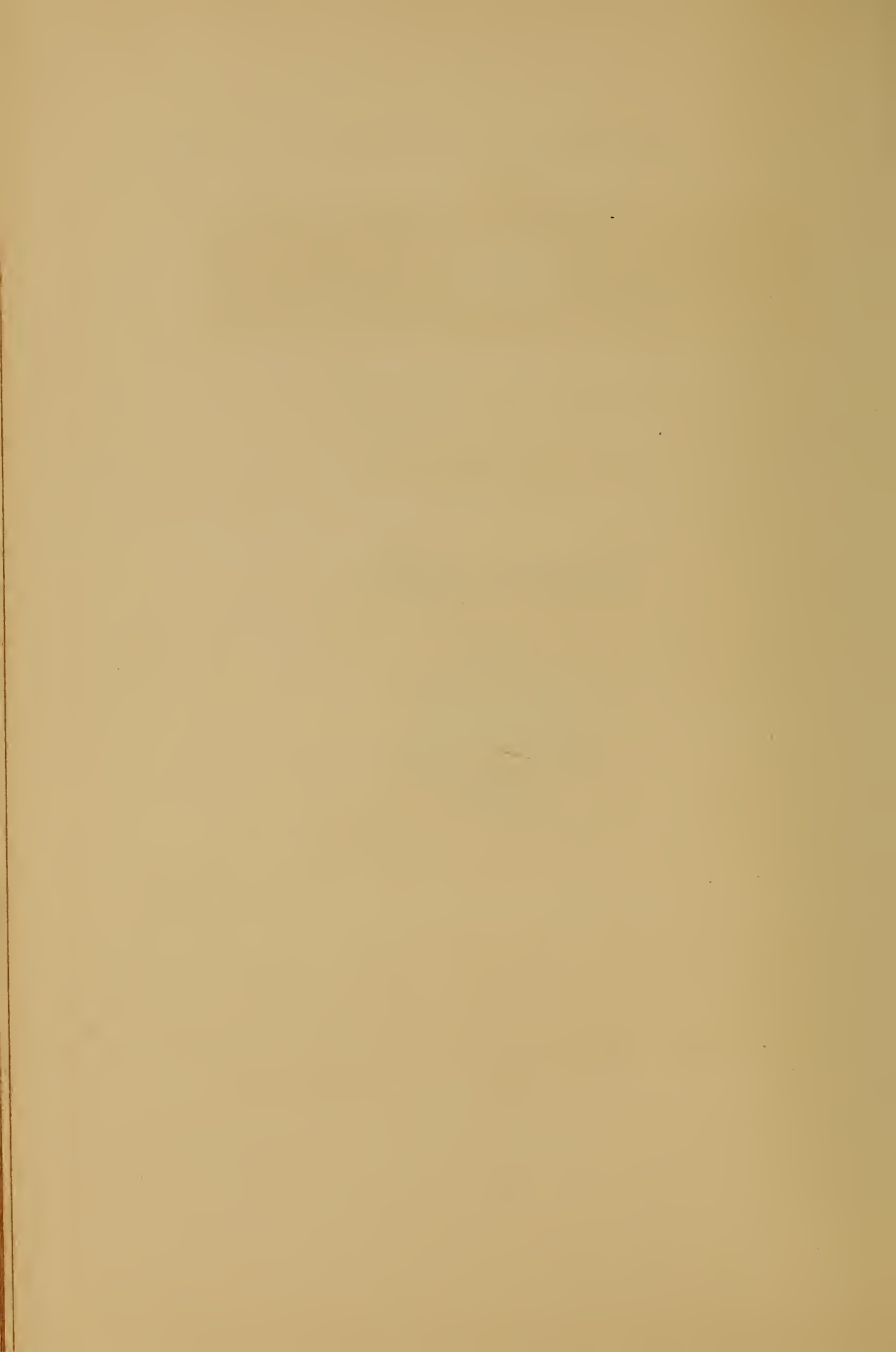
KITTY AND MOUSIE

Growing tired of its bed of ease
The cat raiseth to yawn, to sneeze,
Grouping its feet upon the floor,
Tucketh its tail around the four.
Looking anxiously at the fire,
As knowledge of it to acquire;
Now listens, with wonder and awe,
Where the cricket or mouse doth gnaw!
Ah, soon its tail begins to wag,
Look out, mousie, he'll get your tag!
Lo, it's bouncing high in the air,
Fun for kitty to treat unfair!

When little mousie's out of sight
Kitty hath lessened appetite;
And nothing but the tail remains,
Kitty hath eaten head and brains!



NANCY PECK





NANCY PECK

Clothing the rich in satin and silk,
Starving the poor for bread and milk,
Flashing the diamonds day and night,
Robbing the poor of fire and light.

Linsey and lawn and calico
Adorn true womanhood, I know;
Spirning, weaving and working hard,
Money is mighty, but people get tired.

Many a child hath fallen asleep
Whilst Mother o'er city didst creep,
Begging alms for her helpless child,
From hunger and cold frantic wild.

There is a woman I'll tell you about
Who lived in fashion once, no doubt;
And the statement she hath to give
Shows how humbly that some folks live.

Passing the door of rich estate,
Coachman in carriage front didst wait;
A lady dressed in sealskin fur
Came walking down the aisle passed her.

"Won't you give me a penny, Dear?
My little child is starving, I fear;
I have no way to earn my bread,
O pray, be merciful," she said.

"Dare speak to me and you will fly
To Police Station, by and by;
Nasty, dirty, trifling old wench,
Venture thou with whisky would drench."

"Drive me, coachman, to Astor place,
And dare not look me in the face;
When carriage stops, just turn your head,
Or you'll be shot, and shot 'till dead.

“I’m going there to meet a friend
With title and with wealth to lend;
Going to leave a handsome home
And with a handsome fortune roam.

“Now promise me one little task
And you may guess just what I ask;
Should you meet that beggar again,
Please try to kill her, if you can.

“She goes around and begs all day
And this is what she hath to say:
‘Won’t you give me a penny, Dear,
My little child is starving, I fear.’ ”

The coachman meets her going back,
Takes her beside him in the hack,
And when he asked her if she’d ride,
He turned his face from her to hide.

“Poor woman, I will treat thee right,
Thou hath a fortune far more bright
Than Mistress gone to Paris, France;
Though thou may’st not know it, perchance.”

He drove around to lowly hut,
Saying to himself, "Tut, tut, tut,
I'll go in and see what she's got;
In middle of floor a corpse sure sot."

"Oh God, is this my darling child,
Stiffly frozen in death's cold wild."
No food, no drink, no hand to care
But God's. was plainly written there.

The coachman placed them in the hack
And slowly drove from lonely shack;
Corpse to undertaker he sent
And money for a casket he spent;

He took the woman to boarding in—
'Twas there she met some noble kin.
Crossing waters of mighty deep,
Her husband fell in death's cold sleep.

The coachman came around next day
And offered board for her to pay;
The landlord said, "Thou hath been good,
Doing for the poor what thou could."

“Give thee twenty shillings per day,
When thou are old I’ll double pay;
Accept them for trouble of thine,
The lady is a cousin of mine.

“The little child you found, who died,
Shall soon sleep by my first wife’s side,
And God will bless thee for thy deed,
Regardless sect, color, or creed.

“I thank thee Coachman, from my heart,
May home in Heaven be thy part,
Wherein some day I hope to meet
Loved ones forever there to greet.”

Resting on that beautiful morn
Sweet dreams were floating ’round the form;
“Bring ’round thy hack at half-past three
And take me to the cemet’ry.”

A foreign minister in town
Takes the funeral notice down;
He sailed across the Ocean far
And sailed on the “America.”

His wife, perchance, found note one day
And this is what she had to say:
“Oh God, is this my sister, dear,
Whom I haven’t seen for many a year?”

“Frank will leave me, no doubt he will,
If he thinks I’m of low distill;
It cannot be that this is she
Whose name across hath followed me.

“Never knew what became of her,
She married man of low rever;
They had one child, a little boy,
Who was to them all life and joy.

“Oh yes, they had a little girl,
With rosy cheeks and hair with curl,
Whose name was Nancy, it was said—
Could it be, now, that she is dead?”

Her husband said, real candidly,
“Child’s mother is your sister, see?
Her eyes are dark, her hands are small,
And she, like thee, is very tall.”

“I’ll write to her, and ask her why
She lives alone in this world’s cry;
I’ll ask her here, to live with me,
And let my life an incense be.”

Here is the answer she replied:
“That since my loving husband died
I’ve begged for pittance, rich or poor,
And have been turned from your own door.

“I called one morn at thy old home,
A carriage waited if to roam;
The coachman sat in broadcloth sleek,
Seemingly waiting message meek.

“As thou came out of marble hall
I glanced upon thy beaut’ous wall
And met thee in the narrow way
That leads up to thy window bay.

“I asked thee for a penny, dear,
Mine eyes were wet with briny tear;
Thou said to me, Oh, cruel words!
My life, to thee, was simply scourge.

“The coachman sat with head erect,
Your message seemed he to eject,
When off he drove with hurried pace—
The last I saw thee face to face.

“I roamed about that sad, cold day,
Received few pennies for my pay;
When I returned to lonely bed
I found my only child was dead.

“The fire was out, the coals were warm,
The wind was raging wild with storm;
My little child had crawled near grate,
And cold in death was her sad fate.

“Your humble coachman bade me ride
And placed the corpse at his left side;
Drove up and down the noisy street—
My clothing wet from head to feet.

“Opposite the funeral place
There lived my cousin, Nellie Grace;
The coachman said, ‘You can stay here,
I know these people to be dear.’

“When I walked in they said to me,
‘Is this my cousin, Nancy Lee?’
They clasped their hands about my neck
And cried, ‘My poor, poor Nancy Peck!’

“I thank thee, sister, kindness took
A sparkle from the muddiest brook;
The vilest souls atone from sin,
Whiter than any snow hath been.

“I have a home with Nellie Grace,
Who always knows me face to face;
When first your coachman brought me here
She tried to wipe away my tear.

“God rules in mysterious way
And works His wonders day by day;
His children may be lowly clad
For brighter life yet to be had.”



NAPOLEON THE GREAT

That Napoleon was great
Hath never been denied,
But to say that he was good
Should never be applied.
He might have lived to conquer
Had he not forsaken wife,
And lived the more happily
The latter days of life.
Josephine was noble,
Despite his wicked way,
And her life is more admired
Than Bonaparte's today.



A CHILD'S QUERY

“Is Santa Claus good, or bad, which,
Forgets the poor remembers rich?
Does God see Santa pass the door
To feed the rich and starve the poor?”

“Will he be punished when he dies?
Will he be sent to where fire flies?”
“Yes, my child, God will punish those
Old hypocrites, robed in sheep's clothes.

“In a lake of fire and brimstone
They'll pray for rocks to fall, millstone;
Be thou faithful, for God is love,
And will lead thee to Home above.

“In Heaven where friends never part,
Joy forever dwell in thy heart;
Thou can’st not always live on earth;
Blessed our loving Savior’s birth!

“Our Savior died upon the cross
To protect us from Eden’s loss;
We are commanded, day by day,
To teach our loving Savior’s way.

“God saves from everlasting hell,
In Heaven forever to dwell;
And when life breaks from this old earth,
Let fly to God who gave it birth.

“Passing the Great Beyond that day,
May angels guide thee on the way!
Oh, cruel world, for thee I pray,
Prepare to meet the Judgment Day!

“When time’s no more an angel’s hand
Will sound the trumpet from that land;
Every tongue will confess to God
The wickedness on earth that’s trod.”



THE YOUNG BEAU

I know I'm not good looking,
Can tell that by the glass,
But think that my beauty,
At least, ought to pass.

I buy fancy candies,
And everything that's nice,
For the girls once a week,
And sometimes twice.

I take them to parties
Whenever they go;
But when it comes to marry,
Then I've got no show.

I bought me an auto
With a double seat;
Now I have to ride in front
Because of my big feet.

The girls that I go with
Dress in broadcloth fine,
But when I mention marry,
Well, they haven't got time!





HOW SWEET THE NAME!

Mother, Mother, how sweet the name
Falls from mortal lips the same;
No human tongue hath power well
The echoing music this doth tell.
'Tis first to lisp from childish tongue;
Throughout the land and years 'tis sung;
First to help to soothe our pain
And to kiss it well again.



WHEN I DIE

Let Jesus bear the way to Heaven when I die
And my soul be wafted to music of the sky;
And all my life be blotted from this earthly sin,
The pearly gate be opened to enter therein;
Play golden stranded harp and dwell with God
 above,
And sing His praise forever for redeeming
 love;
Wear a crown of glory on my immortal brow,
All eternity be spent praising God somehow;
Mine ears be made to listen, mine heart to
 receive
And abide the lesson on Jesus to believe.



OLD KENTUCKY

Give me Old Kentucky,
I'm homesick and forlorn;
Give me Old Kentucky,
The State where I was born!

Give me Old Kentucky,
The State I love so well;
Give me Old Kentucky,
The place I long to dwell.

Give me Old Kentucky,
The place I left my heart;
Give me Old Kentucky,
Never again to part.

Give me Old Kentucky,
 My old home, far away;
Give me Old Kentucky,
 The home of Henry Clay.

Give me Old Kentucky,
 Where roses bloom in May;
Give me Old Kentucky,
 Where birds are singing gay.

Give me Old Kentucky,
 When I am called to die;
Give me Old Kentucky,
 Beneath her sod to lie.



ASK YOURSELF THE QUESTION

Will you be missed when you die?
Ask yourself the question;
No doubt the answer will be
One of great perplexion.

Have you put your trust in God?
Ask yourself the question;
And if the answer is "No,"
Heed now this suggestion.

What hath been your example?
Ask yourself the question;
If the answer isn't good,
Make ye this confession.

And what will be your reward?

Ask yourself the question;

For God will be just to all

On the Resurrection.

And have you been converted?

Ask yourself the question;

Now if the answer is "yes,"

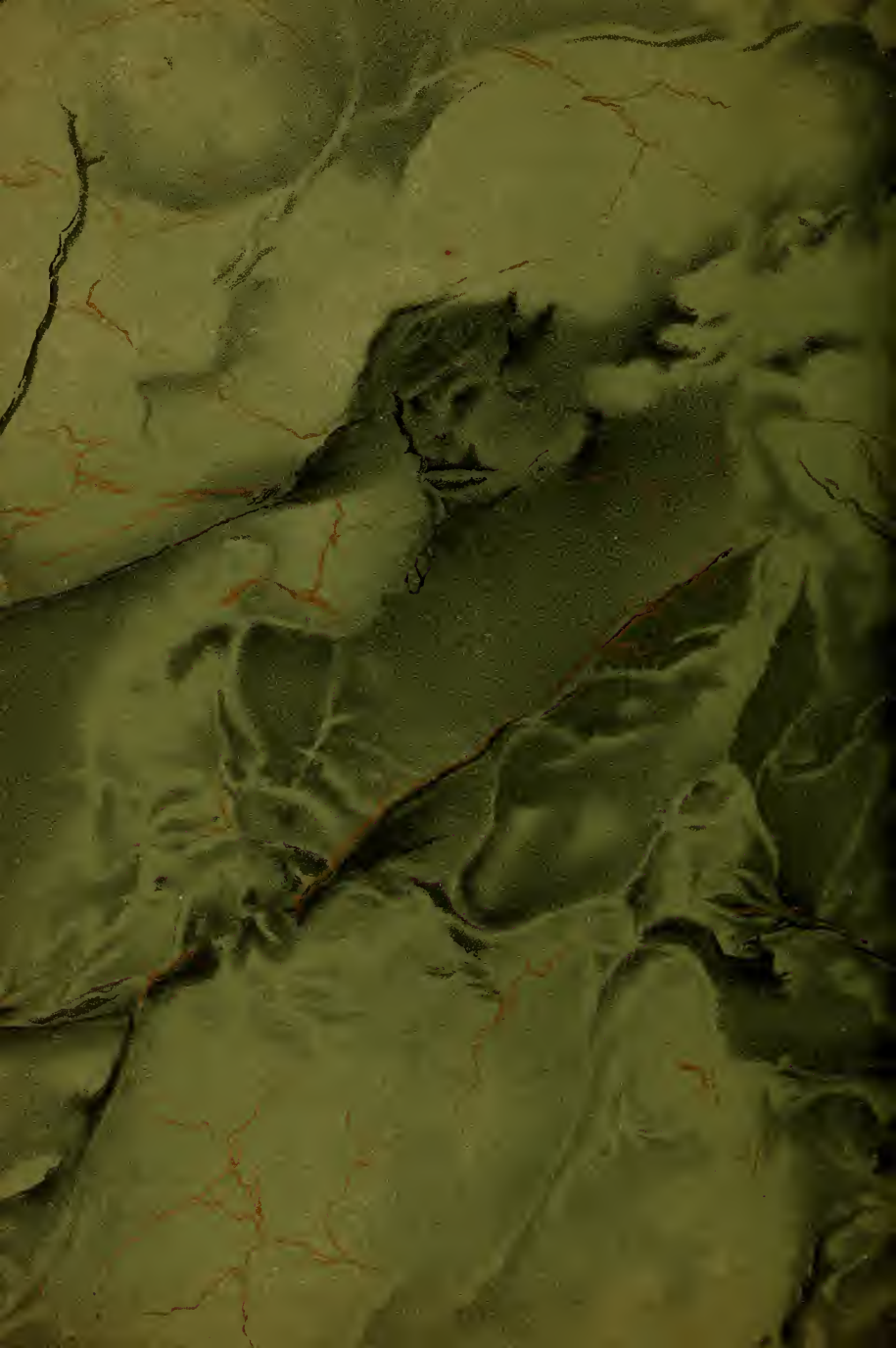
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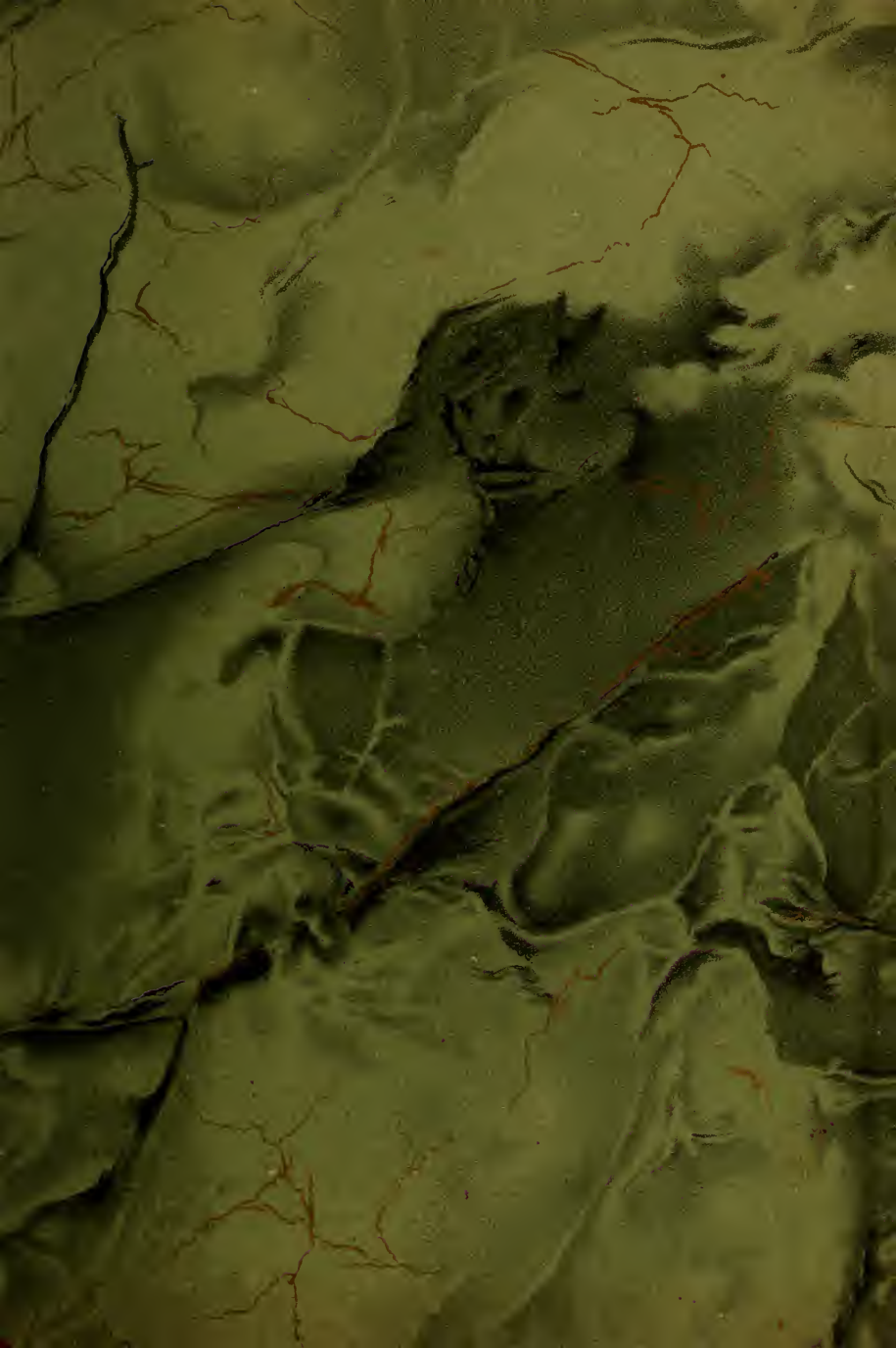


I seek to know this volume's doom,
And trust the world will give it room;
All books are what some authors make—
Await thy judgment, for my sake.

'Tis not a dream of rhyme or beauty
This work doth trend,
But a sense of love and duty,
These writings end.
Guided thus, may thy pathway
Open to view
A light pure as Heaven
And as fresh as dew!

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